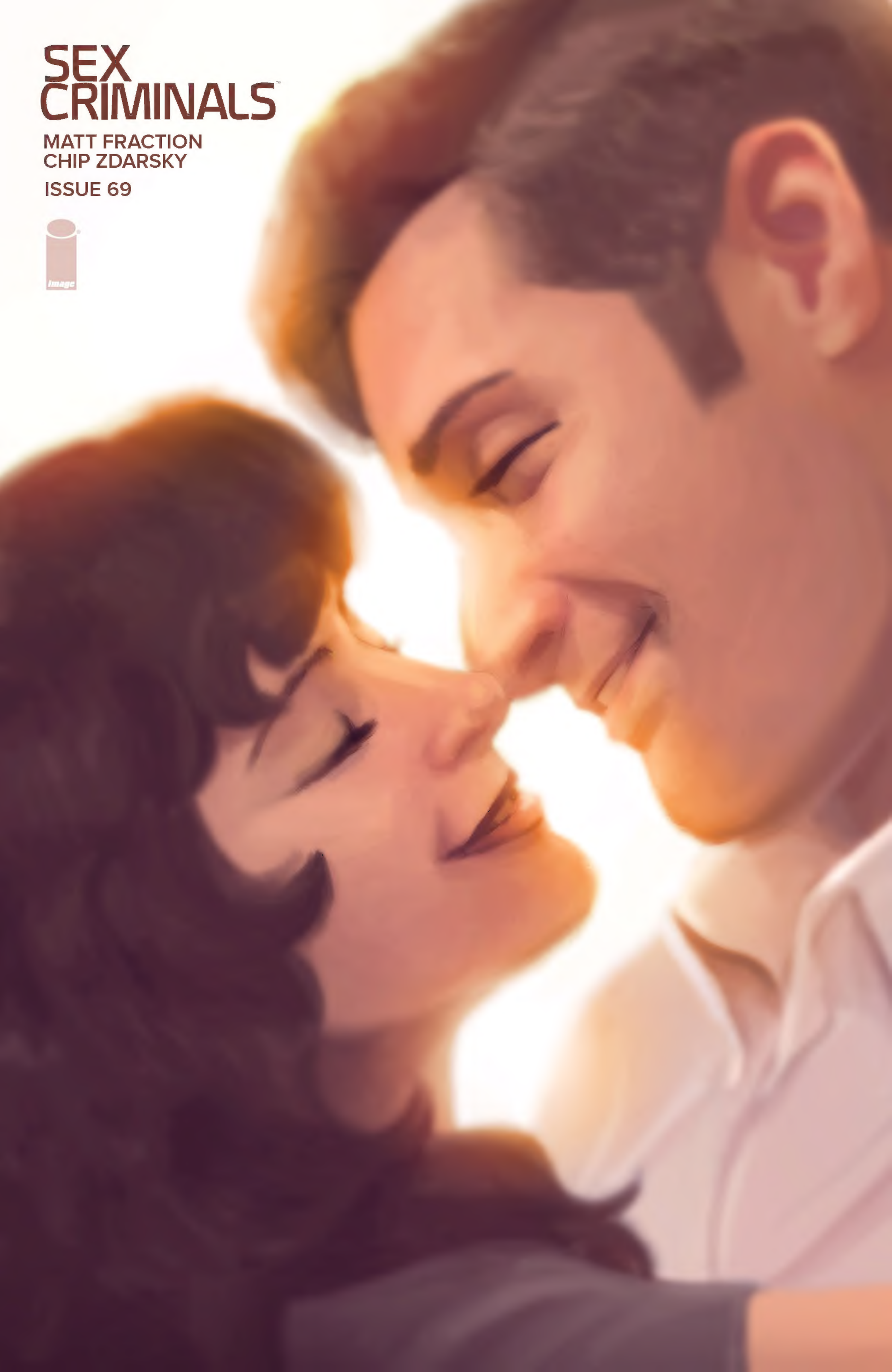
SEX CRIMINALS™

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

ISSUE 69



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CHAPTER 69
HAPPY ENDING

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

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JAMIE McKELVIE XXX VARIANT COVER A
ED PETERSON & CHIP XXX VARIANT COVER B

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PREVIOUSLY IN SEX CRIMINALS: TWO CHUMS DECIDED TO MAKE A COMIC

Hey Y'all it's
DEWEY 'n BUD'S
DESTINATION WEDDING

We're requesting the honor of your presence
Bring people if you want

We are rich now and will pay for everything
Transport, Room, Board

It is on a private
RESORT ISLAND

Like a real sweet fairytale ending
But also a dream you are having!!!! !

WE LOVE YOU
And hope to see you soon

Then *all that* in a pretty font

Bud + Dewey

Folks, we couldn't express the magnitude of—

—magic!—

—that's made up these last few years for us.

When we started out, we were just a couple of chums, trying to make each other laugh.

Laughter led to love, and love led to—

—well—

—*this!* The joy of all *this!*

That we have *you* to share in—

—any of it—

—with us is staggering and humbling. But most of all—

JOYOUS!

And now we're leaping into that joy together and making a real forever commitment to each other.

We're getting *married!*

clap clap clap clap clap clap clap clap clap clap

No.
No.
Babe!
No.
I'm sorry...
...but the world's gonna have to survive without any new Bud-'n-Dewey content for a little while.
I don't *care* what the network said!
Who's he?
I don't know.
Is he dangerous?
I think he's from Hollywood.
He's yelling.
A lot.
Well then fuck Steve! And fuck Marc too!
Is the whole weekend gonna be this weird?
Mm.
tink
RACHELLE RAINBOW OH MY GOD!
RAIDEN! OBERTA! LOOK IT'S YOUR AUNTIE SUZE!!

This place is—

—Unreal.

I gotta be dreaming...

Found 'em!

Keguhhh hhMyrtle!

Ms. Dickson.

Oh—

—ah—

Are we—

—uh—

Yeah okay.

You good?

Wonderful. Lovely to see you again.

I'm sorry—

—Go for Queen Bitch.

Bull*shit* it's a mercy flight.

Tell them if they violate our airspace I will *shoot them out of the sky* even if it means a torrential downpour of *child pieces* raining down on the rehearsal dinner—

Goddamn paparazzi!

Would that woman really open fire on a helicopter full of kids?

Probably.

I guess when you're the biggest stars on television you can afford to get married in Heaven, huh?

How do you know these guys again?

I just— y'know. They're from back home.

ooh thank you.

But back then they weren't *performers* or *comedians* or anything.

I mean, Bud Rivers was a *bus driver*...

Shit I *just* got that.

...but, bing-bang-boom, something happens, something else happens, somebody somewhere sets some fires maybe...

..suddenly they're a hit.

But, like, they were... funny? I guess? I never knew they were—

—I don't know. It's insane what can happen in just a couple years.

You okay?

You look like you're—

SUZILLION MARIE!

Mom! Oh my god, this place looks so amazing.

Oh, please—

They didn't install the right temperature control levers on the second bidets in the bungalows and it's killing the effect for me.

But Bud and Dewey love it, so I guess that's all that matters.

If you're okay with twisting a crystal turd to blast warm water up your Pumpkin Spice Parkway...

Uhhhh Mom, this is Guy.

Hi, it's—

Oh now *this* one's nice—

—MOM—

Nervous, Guy was gonna say.

I look a little nervous.

I can't help it.

I am a little nervous.

Is he here already? And why do I care?

Well, because it's Jon. Of course I care.

I loved him.

Love him.

And it's been a while.

And after it's been a while, you stop asking about someone, you stop thinking about someone...

Doesn't mean I stopped caring.

Rehearsal's at six.

Have a drink, get your shit rocked, then freshen up and we'll see you then MWAH.

MOmmmm—

What? You're in paradise. Get some.

Love yooooo oou!

8

The sex is fine. In case you're wondering.

8

It's nice.

Like everything else with Guy.

8

It's fine. It's nice. Y'know?

8

I don't wanna talk about the Quiet. We've shared enough, you and me.

∞

Girl's got to have *some* air of mystery...

...I hope Jon's okay.

You're okay.

This is okay.

Right?

Okay.

I've shaved ballsacks smoother than that guy's flying.

Really? Why?

These two. Look at them.

I mean—they're doing great.

Well, fashion, for one.

And two, when hair is an impediment to technique, depilation increases the potential oral sex surface area some 185%.

Nothing's changed.

—Y'know what, maybe everything's changed.

It's okay.

You're here with your friends.

You're okay.

...Okay.

Hey, I'm sorry, but can I bum one of—

Sure, man.

Groom or groom?

Uh—

—both I guess—

cough cough

—The *hell* are these?

Herbal, man.

An herbal cigarette. It's like, apple peels and yak fur.

Like they smoke on TV so actors don't get cancer.

Like Jon Hamm. Love that guy.

They're fuckin' awful.

They are, but—

—I love smoking.

I love everything about smoking.

Ashtrays, lighters, cases. The *paraphernalia*.

But it was killing me.

Didn't want to quit the lifestyle though.

So I just quit the thing that was killin' me.

That's the trick, man. Figure out the stuff that's killin' ya, and quit.

I'm Rusty.

Jon.

I should head down.

What am I afraid of?

Here, in this place, surrounded by all of these friends with their joy and laughter and good-ness.

That I'm going to lose it?

That *she's* going to lose it?

Lose what? Why?

We split.

It was amicable. Sometimes things don't work out.

What can you do?

Oohhh, wait.

Now I know what I'm afraid of.

I'm afraid it's going to hurt.

But...

...it's good.

She looks good.

He looks good.

Older.

No fireworks, no explosions, no calamities followed.

It was a lovely night.

There was a lot of drinking and hugging.

And *laughing.*

We hadn't all been *together-together* like this since...

Well, not even since I came back, because Jon was gone then.

It's nice. It's fine.

No—even better.

It's good.

This is contentment.

Fleeting though it may be when you find it, you gotta grab it...

...and hold on just a little longer.

That was nice.

Your hometown friends are nice.

Did you see your old guy? Joe?

Jon.

Gonna take a bath. Mwah.

ZZZZzz zzrkk

You too.

Fuck off.

KOOM KOOM

EAT 23 MILLIMETERS OF MY MOLTEN HOT LEAD DICK-MISSILES PAPARAZZO SCUM!

KOOM KOOM

Ooph, that's loud.

Kegelface told me those are real anti-aircraft guns.

Who?

Oh. Uh. She—

The uh—

We used to—

Myrtle. The security lad OOPH

Excuse me I am so sor—

—oh.

Hey, you!

Hey!

Hey you.

Hey, you.

—mess I made—

—Please, this is hardly one of my *archival* heirloom t-shirts with words—

—sorry we didn't get a chance to—

—please, no, everyone was having so much fun—

—wasn't it fun? Everybody together?

So much fun. Hey I'm Jon.

Oh. Uh. Guy. Hi.

Doin' okay there, Guy?

Little dehydrated maybe.

You wanna join us, or—

Here we go.

—Sure! Great.

Here we go.

Suze says you're a teacher?

Yeah a... quasi-social worker-slash-teacher, I guess.

I work with a program that brings the arts into the prison system, and then provides art therapy on the other side.

Really? That's—wow, how does one come to that?

Well, one does a little time, as I did, and comes out on the other side pretty changed.

I was pretty... adrift when I went in.

But while I was in, I really found...

...well, "calling" sounds cheesy, but a thing I love doing.

Can I ask—

Can I ask what you did?

Guy, no c'mon—

Basic problems-with-authority stuff.

Pooped in plants.

Robbed some banks.

Destroyed a mansion or whatever.

Ha.

That's funny.

Anyway, when this one went back to school for her doctorate, I decided to help people the way I needed help.

Wow. So the guy with the problem with authority grows up to become a teacher, how 'bout that.

Irony's a real motherfucker sometimes, huh?

Dearly beloved—

Gathered family, friends both new and old—

Children, beautiful and innocent—

Strangers and background characters, all surely starring in the unique stories of your own rich lives—

The journey of life is long, if you're lucky. And I think we can agree, we are, all of us, in our ways lucky.

Life can be long and hard, and sometimes mean and cold, and there is nothing more painful than navigating that path alone.

And so to find someone—

—to help, to trust, to treasure—

—to want, and need, and desire—

To love.

...Is truly a reason to celebrate and be grateful.

And so we have gathered here to celebrate the marriage of these two beautiful souls forged separately in their own struggles, but now—

Conjoined on their journey.

Not alone but together.

And together they summoned us, not simply to bear witness—

—but so that they may testify of their love for one another before us all, and celebrate with gratitude all who made such a union, and such a journey possible.

Weddings are both ending of one and one—

—and the beginning of two.

The alignment of stars, friends, that must form to make days like today possible is nothing short of miraculous.

They're lucky, each and every one, and should be treasured.

And so we thank you, all of you, boundlessly and endlessly for joining us at this ending.

And at this beginning.

Bud...?

"Dewey, you make—"

sigh

This is no good.

I—you—

Oh my *god*, you make me laugh, dude.

And, I mean—I know I laugh a little at *everything*.

But only just a little.

You make me laugh a *lot*.

You make me happy-laugh. And that's really hard.

Because you get me. And I think—

—I hope—

—I *know* I get you, too.

I get that you are kind and good and compassionate.

That's super-duper rare out there, man.

And I know, the more time I spend with you, the more kind and good and compassionate *I* am.

You're just awesome.

And all these people, all our friends that came all this way with us —just super-super awesome.

I love you. Will you be my husband?

I will.

And Bud—

You've been here for me through so much these last few years.

All these transformations, these things that felt so impossible to survive, understand, endure—

The worst days of my life.

Days when I hated who I was, what was inside of me: days when I thought I'd come apart, but you—

You were there.

You were always there.

You never flinched.

Or judged.

You wanted to *help*.

I don't know how to say thank you for that, but with your kind permission, I would like to spend the rest of my life trying.

Dang.

Will you be *my* husband?

Yes. I will.

By the powers vested in me, the Cosmic QuantiPope, by the Infinilactic Crystal Goddess of Love...

I hereby decree across the known universe—

You are not two, you are one.

Married.

And just like that...

Two become one.

They made it look like the easiest thing in the world.

But it's not.

Everyone likes weddings.

But everyone *loves* wedding receptions.

Especially the open-bar ones.

Let her father get this one.

Really. *Both* hands?

She was a pioneer.

I currently identify as a vertexual. Y'know, like in geometry?

Only way I can get off is if I'm inside a woman, but with another man at the same time and our penises rub together.

Oh sure.

It's more common than you think, actually—many women like me didn't experience orgasm until giving birth.

I assumed something similar explained your proclivity for pregnancy, not that you actually *like* children—

Dang.

Dang *indeed.*

Actually, Myrtle wasn't crying, I was edging her to climax via Bluetooth to a device she's currently... containing.

We've been playing with power dynamics and public exposure lately.

Mmm-hm.

It's both our favorites on the inside, chocolate *and* vanilla!

You're never touching me again.

Deal.

Far *out*, man.

It was a lovely day.

It really was, and I'm glad you were here for it.

Mom, is this a cult? The robes, the pope hat, the "Crystal Goddess of Love"?

Oh, praise Zeenthorke no—it's a *psychodynamic* way of living.

CABIN 10-24
WASHROOMS
ANTI-AIRCRAFT CAIN

It starts, before you even notice.

Okay, little one, time for bed...

The beginning of the end.

You just look up and suddenly...

Love you. Bye.

At some point people start peeling off, heading out.

CABIN 1-
RESTAURA

And you remember, just for a second, that this whole thing was temporary.

All you can think is, *let's just stay here together a little bit longer.*

The real world's outside the window, tapping its watch.

The party's almost over.

Except for the stragglers who can't let go.

Not yet, anyway.

Hey you.

Hey you.

Never actually saw the sun rise over the ocean before.

It's pretty good.

Yeah, it's okay.
How are you?
I'm... okay.
Okay enough?
Contentish? Lucky. Right now? It's enough.
How are you?
I'm fine. It's fine.
School is a lot. And he's nice. It's okay.
Everything's okay.
I'm so close to my doctorate, I kind of don't have room for thunder and drama all the time, y'know?
He doesn't—
There's no thunder.
No lightning, either.
Well.
Not everyone is like you.
Not everyone is like us.
Eh. Life is long.
We should probably head out.

Yeah. We should, but...

...let's stay here together.

Just a little bit more.

Okay?

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, ETC. TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. THEY WON'T SEE PRINT BUT HEY MAYBE WE'LL CHECK THE MAILBOX AGAIN IN TEN YEARS AND IT'LL BRING A SMILE TO OUR DISEASE-RAVAGED FACES. OUR DISEASE? "LOOKIN' FUCKIN' FINE." PROGNOSIS? TERMINAL.

Well, that was SEX CRIMINALS: it was a comic book by me and Chip Zdarsky. It started as a joke that turned into a dare that went on to make our careers, get on TV and in newspapers and magazines, into print around the world, and, as strange and improbable as it sounds, this dumb thing changed our lives immeasurably for the better. We also made a lot of typos and cum jokes.

Without the work, patience, graciousness and perseverance of Tommy the K, Lauren Sankovitch (who would like to thank her parents for making her possible through the power of good lovin', and also coffee), Kit Cox, Turner Lobey, and Erika Schnatz behind the scenes, the book would not have happened and, even worse, it would not have happened even slower.

Without Becka Kinzie and Chris Sebela, the colors would never have been flattened. Without the interns at Milkfed, especially Ashley Gallagher, T.J. Hunt, Badass Bess Pallares, Lauren Amaro, Handsome Thom, Alissa Salah, and Other Matt, I would've gotten the names of the characters wrong even more frequently. And that's saying something.

Without Rachael Stott and Eren Enrica Angiolini, Sexual Gary would've remained a thing that only made Chip and me laugh instead of the literally dozens of you out there who also found it amusing.

Without Roberta Carraro, we'd probably still be in Seattle somewhere, or Italy, and Chip wouldn't have an ex-wife and we wouldn't have "Oberta Rainbow" in this issue which is maaaaaaaybe the dumbest joke in the whole series, which, again, really says something.

Without the tireless efforts, un-eroding good nature, profound talent and endless hustle over the years of Drew Gill, Heather Doornink, Hilary DiLoreto, Tricia Ramos, Deanna Phelps, Kat Salazar, Jeff Boison, David Brothers, Amber Garza, Jonathan Chan, Branwyn Bigglestone, Chris Ross, Corey Murphy, Sasha Head, Marla Eizik, Carey Hall – shit, without so MANY people at Image Comics past and present -- it all would've been printed upside down, backwards, and out of order, if at all.

Without the XXX cover work of Bryan Lee O'Malley, Kate Leth, Coop, Katie Cook, Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez, Fiona Staples, Gina Wynbrandt, Erica Henderson, Annie Wu, Joe Quinones, Kris Anka, Hannah Blumenreich, Marguerite Sauvage, Elsa Charretier, Skottie Young, Jason Latour, Aud Koch, Vanesa Del Rey, Jen Bartel, Kevin Wada, Katie Skelly, Jamie McKelvie, and Ed Peterson, we wouldn't have kept the bright pink polybag industry afloat.

Without Cadmus, we never would've broken two polybag machines or spent the funniest 20 hours of our lives in a little room almost getting sued.

Without Juliette and Heather, we'd never have brimpcepted ourselves into oblivion.

Without Eric Stephenson's earliest support and championing, it never would have seen the light of day, let alone the stage of the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, forever our Cape Canaveral.

Without the early press support by Laura Hudson, Nathan Reese, Emma Barker and Douglas Wolk, whose efforts and good faith were juxtaposed against the censorious pearl-clutching of the digital content managers at Apple, we never would've caught the media spotlight that exposed the book to literally millions of readers.

To Andrea Towers, Briana Raimondo, and the Brimpers, who started with the first Brimp-Up in New York, and have thrown Brimp-Ups for us literally all around the world, raising money for people that weren't us, getting together in rooms with one another and making sure everyone felt welcome, heard, and appreciated -- Chip and I will never be able to thank you enough or adequately. You are the heart and soul of this book, and without your love and zealotry we'd have been done at issue 4.

Without all of those folks, and the surely dozens more I've omitted, SEX CRIMINALS never would have found its way into the hands of some of the most amazing, open, honest, brave, sad, funny readers anyone typing for applause could ever hope for -- when there were hundreds of thousands of footprints on the beach, that's when y'all were carrying us.

Which is why you should have the last several thousand words. We wanted to run as many as possible so there's a lot of excerpting going on. Just assume there are (...) at the head and tail of, like, most of the sentences that follow.

Thank you for this. For all of this.

You can't fire me I quit. -CZ

•

Thank you, enormously, not just for everything that this series has become, but also for how incredible the two of you are. It's been quite the ride, chums. I love you guys. Always. <3

Forever your chumette,

Bri

Bri, without you, etc. etc.

•

SEX TIP *I was trying to do an "afterglow" joke and suddenly was like wait was the idea of someone having a literal afterglow where we got the idea for this?*

Thank you for creating a comic that made me a little less ashamed about my own adolescent sexual urges. Mostly because I was too busy being ashamed of yours.

Amy C.

That is a legit excellent burn and I am very proud of you Amy.

•

I just wanted to say thank you. I wrote in asking for advice on how deal with some brain and sex stuff I was struggling with. You actually took the time to provide some helpful and funny advice which really meant a lot. It didn't fix things for me, obviously. In fact, I continued to struggle with the same brain and sex stuff for about two more years BUT! Your comic, and all the letters taught me a lot about mental health, which in turn motivated me to go to therapy which in turn actually helped me deal with a lot of stuff and let go of a bunch of other stuff and finally feel good about myself and get to a place where i can get my shit together!!!. Not only that, but I honestly feel like this comic also influenced me in a way that allowed me to become more open minded about sex and gender and eventually about many more things. Your advice was basically not to become "that guy" who blames their own crap on women and Chip's advice was to "focus on the inevitable touch of death" and I can proudly say I have stuck to both mantras equally so far.

Osvaldo S.

Suck it, BATMAN! Our comic HELPS PEOPLE!!!

Chum, don't shit on Batman! We're unemployed now and may need to work on "Nightwing" for food!! -CZ

•

I'm 30 year old Ash now and re-reading this series, remembering all the good times cosplaying as Suzie (at comic cons, kink cons, and a friend's house party one time), all the Brimp Up memories, and friendships formed, I have to remember to be kinder to my younger self. She fought a lot of hard battles to get me here. Like Suzie, it's weird to say I have trauma, but the world never ended with my broken hearts or ended friendships. I couldn't make it through a pandemic living alone without her.

Maybe I'll see y'all again someday when the world isn't going through a literal pandemic, but for now... we'll always have the Cum Angel at Buffalo Wild Wings.

Ash L.

Ash, lets you, me, and CZ promise to rock "Fat Bottomed Girls" at the first COVID-free Karaoke bar we can.

•

Fred S's letter in issue 26, fuck you for making me cry on the bus.

Andrew C.

Take it outside, boys. But first BRING IT IN I AM SO PROUD OF YOU BOTH BEING IN TOUCH WITH DIFFICULT FEELINGS.

•

So, one of my best friends from high school died last night. I found out at six this morning via a text from my brother. I got several more texts throughout the day, expressing condolences for the loss of such a close friend. But the thing is, I stopped talking to him a while back after a mutual friend told me he had assaulted her. I was so furious that the person who I had spent so much time with could do such a horrible thing to someone we both cared about.

My first thought on hearing about his death was to reach out to her; no doubt her Facebook feed was about to turn into a series of tributes to her rapist and i can't even imagine how horrible that will be. But as the day went on, I found myself crying, mourning the friend I had lost. We had taken vacations together, gone to concerts, worked in the same retail job, the whole nine. One time when I had run away from home, he let me sleep in his car so his parents wouldn't see me. He had changed after his father's suicide, but even still had been a genuinely good friend to me for a long time, and I didn't get to say a proper goodbye to that person.

And of course this happens right after the issue where Jon is mourning and tries to destroy everything Badal owns.

I don't know how you guys do it, but every issue seems to have major parallels to my life. The absolute worst was getting dumped by the love of my life (a relationship which started by watching Queen music videos) and then the very next issue Suze and Jon broke up. If I hadn't already been wrecked to smithereens, maybe I wouldn't have freaked out over the two of them breaking up, and I definitely wouldn't have reacted as strongly to them both dressing up as Freddie for that party.

My mental health has always been precarious at best, and seeing how you've portrayed Jon's struggles with his mental health has been, well, complicated. I feel very seen by some of it, and also called out, and also thoroughly amused. Like, fuck yeah, destroy those forks! What's next? Can we piss in his shoes? Let's do this!! It allows me some level of vicarious catharsis for the visceral catharsis that I'll never get to experience.

I genuinely wonder how you guys do it. Like, I've written some short stories and gotten them published, but never about anything as serious or emotional as Sex Crims. I mean, yeah, it's a hilarious comedy (especially if you pay attention to the backgrounds, Chip) but it tackles

SEX TIP *The "Gerry" we referred to in these Tips was sexual being and writer Gerry Duggan.*

---

so many serious issues in such an even handed and sensitive way, that you kinda have to describe it as a serious and emotional work. How do you manage to create something like that and not lose your minds?

How do you two manage to create something as nuanced and funny and sad and frustrating and intelligent and accepting and comforting and bizarre and not let your emotions get in the way? (And taking time off to figure out what's next doesn't count if it didn't land you in a psych ward.) Any help or advice would be appreciated.

-K

K, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for your loss of a friend, twice. I think... I think people are complicated and can be many contradictory things, some honorable, some repellant. And if that's true, then surely feeling complicated and contradictory and honorable and repellant things about them is true too. And reaching out -- to your mutual, to give her a place and a person to feel that stuff to, out loud, is... I don't know what the words are. Commendable. Good. Real. *True.*

And... and I don't know how we did what we did, or why it worked -- why it worked with you so specifically, so acutely. [Here, I'll see your coincidences and raise you: the day we're uploading this issue is the 7th year anniversary to the day that issue 1 launched.]

The time off didn't lead us to a psych ward, but it led us to a lot of psychiatry, and... and sometimes not knowing what's going on, or why, or what we were feeling or why or... or how, even. And we fucked up a lot and reworked and thought a lot and tried to find a place where all the stuff of the stories met the craft of the thing.

Emotions never got in the way -- emotions are the way.

•

Have you guys ever gotten a happy ending? I got one a few months ago and it was kinda weird but fun at the same time cause I knew it was illegal but still went through with it. It was certainly something I'll never forget. Anyway nice talking to you and have a great day.

Ari B.

Well, yeah, Ari, this issue is our happy ending! Why would this be illegal and weird?

•

Over the years, your comic has been a welcoming and inclusive talk about sex, sexuality, and relationships and I'm so happy to have been able to participate as a reader. I remember LOVING talking with my friends about sex in our teen and college years, but eventually everyone shut up about it. There are the major political conversations about how folks need equal rights and to be free from discrimination, but the ones about who likes what in which hole or position or tongues going where and the intersections of that along with what we needed or wanted or liked in a relationship and how relationships could be seemed to stop around 25.

Why is that? I get that those conversations are rarely easy for a lot of folks, but why is honest sex talk so much more of a challenge as we get older? Or maybe I'm wrong and just need more/new friends. I hadn't realized how scarce those conversations had become until I started reading Sex Criminals. Over the run of the book, I've gotten back in touch with my best old college "sex talk" buddy. She's also one of my best all-time friends. I bought a copy of the first trade for her and wrote her that it felt like the conversations she and I used to have. We now have a standing weekly date to talk and play video games, much like we did in our early 20s, but we're in our early 40s.

Kevin D.

I don't know that's a universal truth for everyone. I had a friend, for example with a super-luxe career, a wife and two kids, a house and a summer cabin, the whole nine. And one day he realized he was gay. And what followed meant upending that beautiful house and beautiful wife, but on the other side meant he was a happier, healthier, better person, husband, father and friend.

I think lots of folks out there continue to weave and wind their way through the sex/love/relationship continuum throughout the entire span of their lives. Maybe sometimes you know something's missing. Other times, like my friend, maybe it takes you by surprise. Which is the amazing and beautiful thing about it -- life changes, and changes us, and as we change so do our wants and needs and loves and likes and follows and subscribes and retweets.

•

My favourite Sex Crims memory is when Chip created a new character at an NYCC afterparty by sketching a face on a condom. He then proceeded to deep-throat said new character in its entirety and began grinding on me — consensually, of course — as time stood still. Matt was there too, I think.

Siddhant A.

Good times. Y'know, Chip later used that character in JUGHEAD.

Oh yeah! Mr. Lodged! I remember him! -CZ

•

Here are some fun facts about the day my now-husband and I went to buy some bondage gear at Home Depot.

***SEX TIP** Aftercare is important! But so is pre-care. And care-care. Really I just need a lot of attention and affection.*

---

1) Lacking in any better excuse for the certain lengths of rope we were purchasing, my boyfriend claimed to be a camp counselor setting up tetherball courts. The rope cutting man made a passing comment about how the rope we were buying was "Real good for tying people up." In hindsight, he probably knew exactly what we were buying it for, but at the time we thought it was hilarious.

2) Due to the poor planning of going to the Home Depot closest to my parents' house (where I still lived at the time), we literally passed by my dad.

Autumn T.

Ahh, Autumn, rookie mistake. Everybody knows for bondage hardware you should ALWAYS seek out Hardware Hank. It's not the wares that are hard. It's the savings!!!

When I worked at a hardware store I always told my customers "this is good for sex," no matter what I was selling them. -CZ

•

As an old 21st issue back cover once said, "if you started reading this book in 2013 with issue one at the age of 14, then congratulations, you can now legally read it". Well, I did.

What I'm trying to say, you guys brought up a significant part of me and showed me the world I didn't know.

Basically, I still don't know. And maybe, every time I'll reread SC, it will guide me to figuring out something more. Thank you for that.

P.S. I... Maybe... Haven't bought every issue I read??? It's hard and expensive to get one here in English.

Tony

Tony, may you never stop figuring stuff about yourself out.

And don't worry about it. As Mark Millar once said, "on the internet, every day is Free Comic Book Day."

•

I can't find the exact date to check, but I'm pretty sure that (basically) the last time I had sex was within a week or two of the solicitation for Sex Criminals #1.

Now I'm in my early 30s but also kinda in puberty, still fat, still hate myself, terrified to go outside not only because of the plague but also because of gender anxiety. But I assume that once #69 comes out the curse yinz placed on me to publish the book will be lifted, and I'll suddenly have a healthy relationship to my body and intimacy and everything will be all good again. Looking forward to it!

Dani

Happy Sexy Seventh, Dani! We hereby decree the curse to be broken. Congratulations on the joy, happiness, comfort and safety you so richly deserve.

•

Last year I became aware that I have Generalized Anxiety Disorder. My mind has always run in a constant loop of worry, and this has affected every aspect of my life. In a somewhat indirect way, I found the pages of issue 30 very relatable—the way Suzie describes her bad memories as day-destroying black holes.

All I really have is this moment, and it's a waste to spend it worrying about what may happen or regretting the past. I believe I will take some post-COVID steps to get a handle on my illness and start to live, because if we're lucky—life is long.

Jordan

You deserve more and better, Jordan. And most therapists are doing tele-sessions now. I hope it gets better for you on the other end, even if it's just a little bit, a little bit at a time. May the next moment be yours.

•

I spent a long ass time in a shit relationship where I was told on a constant basis everything I liked was stupid and I was stupid for liking it and lots of other narcissistic, controlling shit. So, I stopped reading and buying comics for about a decade. In 2012, I finally nope'd the hell out the door and didn't look back. I spent a long time trying to heal and when I was feeling more like myself, I ventured into my local comic shop. The very first comic I bought in over 10 years was issue 1 of Sex Criminals. The art was fantastic and the premise cracked me up and I really needed to laugh. Issue 1, led to issue 2 obviously, which then led to my first pull list full of fantastic stories from talented artists and cases of trade paperbacks, and a steel reserve that I will NEVER let anyone tell me I'm stupid again. So thank you for everything.

Stephanie L.

YOU ARE A GODDAMN SUPERGENIUS and your taste is exquisite I mean come on.

•

I just have one question, in the years of writing this series, were there any sex powers you came up with that you wish made it into the series?

Devin D.

I really, really and truly, wanted to find a place for "a dog with human eyes." I don't know why, it just... it just fucking haunts me.

SEX TIP *The best way to get over a previous relationship is to start fucking someone else so feel free to go fuck Spawn now I guess*

•

Since emailing you that I was coming out as trans but hadn't chosen a name yet, I have chosen a name and came out publicly on all of my social media.

Coming out to your book just felt so good that I started coming out to trusted friends, and then that felt even better (and the concept of coming out individually to everyone sounded tedious), so I just made a big announcement accompanying a blog post about my journey. Changed my name (not legally yet—that's The Next Big Scary Thing TM).

And I've been feeling so much lighter. So... thanks to you, for writing this incredible book that brought these magnificent humans together to encourage each other to be true to themselves.

Chloe S.

Hiyah, Chloe. Nice to meet you.

•

I started reading this book as a grief stricken eighteen-year-old virgin, just getting over my first major bout of depression. I remember looking forward to the first issue thinking to myself that this will cheer me up cause sometimes you just need a book about stupid sex jokes.

But it turned out to be more than that. This book has been with me through a lot of stuff. Such as me investigating my sexuality, working a handful of terrible retail jobs and one failed suicide attempt alongside my country voting to shoot itself in the foot But It got better, I got a uni degree, started my first proper job alongside starting going to therapy as well as starting to date which also meant some fucking (fun fact I lost my virginity after seeing Jumanji: The Next Level. That's right, the Danny DeVito one).

And the fucking was good, and it made more confident like hey I might be good looking cause someone brought lingerie to make me happy and turn me on. And then the world went mental, but more importantly I had my first major break up. It's weird to deal with this during a time of a global health crisis as well as a time we look at ourselves and think "hang on are we a bit racist". I have been using this time to become a better person (...) so when this whole thing ends I am not the grief stricken depressed teen who wants to kill themselves. I'm the guy who works on himself who loves himself and can also fuck after seeing a Danny DeVito film.

Jack H.

Jack, I am so proud you have discovered your Danny DeVito fetish. And I'm glad you stuck around.

•

As someone who struggles with getting stuck in memories (both good and bad), watching Suze deal with it so viscerally was like seeing my brain on paper. But less gross. It was painful, and beautiful, and I loved it.

Josh T.

I gotta say, I was like 98% convinced this entire arc, and issue 30 in particular, was complete and total gibberish nobody would understand let alone care about.

Once again, Brimpers, you have shown me we're all alone in this together.

•

Ya know, you kinda changed my life.

Brimpers forever,
Andrea

And you ours, Andrea. In so many ways. Kiss your baby for me. I have a Black Widow belt buckle for her. That's not a euphemism, it came with the AVENGERS game.

•

When I was 18 I worked for the Cleveland Metroparks. It was nothing glamorous, just picking up trash, or weed wacking. A little painting here and there. On one of the days that I was on trash duty I got to a can, I took a quick peek to know how much oomph would be needed to lift the bag out and there they were, probably a dozen, or so, porno VHS cassettes. The legit kind, with the slightly oversized cardboard boxes.

I had a little porn heist that afternoon, I pulled the bag, looked around me, and "tripped" when I was walking to the truck, innocently spilling the contents of the bag just enough that I had to harumph and gather everything up. I had palmed another clean trash bag and used a little sleight of hand to transfer the tapes to the clean bag, leaving the boxes and other garbage in the original. I tossed the garbage deep into the truck, gently held back on the treasure and snagged the bag in the rear corner of the truck, for easy access.

On my way back to the garage I stopped by my friends house, they were on vacation at the time so I knew I could toss the bag behind their house and nobody would be the wiser before I picked it up after my shift. I finished my route, pulled into the garage, acted as cool as a cucumber, and I clocked out and picked up my porn from the woods.

Jason B

I got a little lost in the back and forth with the trash bags there for a second, Jason, but I suppose that was the point. This is the THE STING of P.I.T.W. stories.

•

(...T)his is my first time writing you

SEX TIP *After all these years honestly you just have to go in and out and in and out a bunch of times so sorry we wasted your time with all these bad tips*

---

guys.

John F.

Neat!

•

So my name is Yonatan, which is a not-totally-uncommon Jewish name and is the Hebrew version of the name Jonathan. Even less uncommon is for people who are named Yonatan to take on the nickname Yoni (like Johnny). Given your professions as "sex scribes" I think you might know where I'm going with this. Within the Jewish community, the name Yoni has no baggage attached to it so when I hit a certain age (around middle school, I think) and it became clear that it was difficult for non-Jewish people in my life to remember a three syllable name that they'd never heard before, I started going by Yoni for short. I had (have) gone primarily by Yoni for many years before finally being made aware that this means vulva in Sanskrit. I suspect the reason that so many people know about this is because of how the Kama sutra became somewhat popular in the US but I'm not sure. Anyway, once it became clear that many people who knew me also knew this meaning of my name, I got kind of... embarrassed? I'm not sure that's the right word. Now I find that I have a harder time introducing myself to people who I think may not have encountered my name before. My absolute nightmare is that one day I'll introduce myself as Yoni to someone and they'll think I'm joking. I guess I'm just looking for some advice and this seemed sort of up your alley

Yoni

Yoni, may I please present you with your BRAND NEW NAME: Dr. Vaginastein Vulvaberg-St. Clitorolissimo. Boom, nobody will think a DOCTOR would fuck around, would they?!?

•

I was a bit hesitant to initially get this comic.

John D.

I understand.

•

I hope I'm not too late.

Delaney B.

Nope!

•

I'm a librarian (unlike Suzie, I do not stop time when I climax, more's the pity), and at my previous, horrible job, my previous, horrible moron boss got a bee in his bonnet once every couple weeks and decided we had to do something or other right then. At one point, it was that we had to buy all of the top ten most banned books in the country to show how anti-censorship we were. You probably see where this is going.

Of course, at the time one of the top ten most banned books was Big Hard Sex Criminals, Vol. 1, so we had to buy it, but had zero context for what it was, so we thought it was just porn. (Of course, nor did we know the main character was a librarian.) So when it came in, a bunch of us sat around the processing office and laughed uproariously at having bought a porn book called "Big Hard Sex Criminals." We then laughed even more uproariously when one of us opened the book to a random page and it was a sex scene.

So then yesterday when I realized that I was reading the series that we had made fun of moron boss for buying, I was absolutely mortified and yet delighted. Okay, maybe that's not funny to anyone but me and my then-work bestie. I guess you had to be there. But oh, how we laughed!

Sophie K.

With us, at us, we'll take laughs however we can get 'em. Thank you (and your fellow librarians) for your service, Sophie.

•

In the comic store I've worked at for 16 years, we think and hear a lot about greatest artist, writer, best superhero, etc. But I will always share Sex Criminals as "the most human comic ever."

Brandon Z.

I had a funny snarky reply to another part of your letter, but I got to this part and was genuinely taken aback. What a lovely thing to say. You've knocked the smartass right outta me.

•

Thanks for giving us all this story, especially one that made me do double takes, after getting dick-lash upon reading each page.

Liana K.

This is sweet, but I really only ran it because "dick-lash" is so good.

•

So I've wanted to write in this whole run but have never been able to think of anything funny or interesting to say.

Michael D.

I believe in you! Give it a shot!

•

I want to say thank you for creating this world and this place for adults to discuss and explore sexual topics. I was raised by a very Victorian couple, and led to believe for much of my life that being a woman and expressing myself sexually in any

SEX TIP *Hey, it's Chip! There were too many letters so I didn't have any space to say goodbye, so I'm using this last "sex tip" to do it! This book has meant the wor*

---

way (privately or around others) could only be bad. While I've grown up and learned not to be ashamed of things like this that are actually normal, I see so much of our world still treating unmarried consensual sex as wrong, or that even just the mention of sexual activity is enough to offend some.

Sex Criminals has been not only a good meaty story, but an excellent example of normalizing sex topics in adult lives. I truly believe we as a society will have a healthier mental outlook on relationships if we could all stop pretending not to be sexual creatures. We're animals, we fuck. Thank you for writing a comic that helped me embrace being an openly sexual person in my own life.

With the moistest of pre-pandemic handshakes,

Anna S.

This letter is great, but that sign-off was so disconcerting I forgot what I wanted to say.

•

Before you leave your readers for the last time, I must ask one question: what, exactly, is "sex?"

Hagai P.

Chip, do you want to handle this one?

Sex is fucking gross and I love it so much. -CZ

•

Is this a good jumping on point?

Alex R.

Yep!

•

Letter Daddies grew in its own way into a lovely inclusive space- inclusive of sex obviously, but then if it's twisty turny route into mental health, creative process, long distance relationships.... merchandise.... Let's hear it for letter pages! It's the fact that people need to send something considered they don't just knock it out, you guys get to edit it too, and decide what's included. So it ends up just

Simon S.

Weird place to stop a letter.

•

My best friend and I started reading Sex Criminals in high school, but neither of us can remember who started reading it first. Regardless, we both ended up spending a lot of our allowances on those great pink XXX variants. We had a minor falling out in senior year, during which I became wildly popular and my friend attended a Chip Zdarsky signing at Fantastic Comics without me. I was so jealous that I threw down my homecoming crown and devoted myself to comics and our friendship. Now we live across the country from each other and we're writing our own comic, full of youthful pluck and very much inspired by all these years collecting your wonderfully fun and dirty (and emotionally poignant) books.

Thanks for everything (on behalf of both of us).

Thyra C

Okay, 1) was there really a homecoming crown? And 2) WILL YOU SHARE YOUR BOOK WITH US WHEN IT'S DONE?!? PLEASE?!?

•

About three years ago I sent this address a very long, elaborate, you're welcome, and, if I may, excellent 44 page document on how you can connect kang the conqueror's first appearance in Avengers to the events of Sex criminals number nine.

shock/ not shocked. i never heard back.

It's the marvel/ image crossover everyone's been waiting for. it even ties into the badrock/ spiderman crossover from a few decades ago. It's literally money sitting on the table and you just ignoring it.

I think you guys forgot where you came from. this is the Wendy whitebread undercover slut/ fantastic four debacle all over again. we are doomed to failure if we dont learn from our mistakes!

HELLOO!!??

Brian Bendis

How did you get this email address

•

Due to the fact that this book no doubt awakened some wild new fetishes among readers, which ones do you hope have gained the most attention?

Tyler J.

Gotta say it was extra weird/ wonderful to get photos of actual brimping.

•

I found Sex Criminals in the darkest time, and it was exactly what I needed.

Robin J

Me too, Robin.

NEXT ISSUE!
WHEN ARRIVES...
GALACTUS!
JUST KIDDING WE'RE FUCKIN' DONE.

FOR MATURE READERS ONLY

RATED **M** / MATURE

IT TURNS OUT THE MATURE READER WAS INSIDE YOU ALL ALONG

WINK

WINK

WINK

ZONE